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the English sound of St. John, Sínjün. Dyches is not Ditches, but Dykes; Cheves replaces its *es* by *is*, and becomes Chivis; while Scréven, under the same unwritten law, becomes Scriven. The Scotch McDowell is sometimes contracted to M'Dôle; and Michie, by shortening its first *i*, becomes Micky, and suggests an Irish connection.

The German *ei* quite naturally loses its *eye* sound, and thus we find Seibels pronounced Sēēbels, and Geiger Geeger. Quattlebaum shortens its last syllable by omitting the *a*, and thus gives us Quattlebum.

Hallonquist betrays its Scandinavian origin, and Vanderhorst its Dutch; the latter is commonly shortened to Vandröst.

Examples can be multiplied indefinitely; but to prevent readers of the "Journal of American Folk-Lore" mistaking these pages for a transcript of a city directory, we will bring this notice to an end. Persons from the North or West about to settle in South Carolina will do well to study carefully the idiosyncrasies of folk-names in this region, and thus save themselves from mystification, or from mortification at their misconceptions.

H. Carrington Bolton.

April, 1891.

STONE IMPLEMENTS. — While visiting with Governor L. B. Prince in Santa Fé, New Mexico, last June, he picked up a chipped stone knife, of unusual form for that country but frequent East, and said that the Pueblo Indian who brought it to him called it a thunderbolt. Mr. Prince thought this a curious idea, and I was impressed with its singularity from such a source. It is quite likely, however, to have reached the Indians through the Spaniards. Polished celts are barely known in New Mexico. Stone images, rudely resembling the human form, and probably intended to represent the dead, are quite frequent.

W. M. Beauchamp.

A NOTE ON AN EARLY SUPERSTITION OF THE CHAMPLAIN VALLEY. — "THE WHIP-POOR-WILL." — At the annual meeting of the American Folk-Lore Society, November 29, 1890, was presented a communication from L. E. Chittenden, of New York, containing a note on the superstition mentioned: —

It is difficult to explain how the mind of the child becomes so saturated with an early superstition that it cannot be thrown off in after life. My family came of Pilgrim stock, and as children were taught to look upon superstition as a bad form of heresy.

Whence or how I got other instructions I do not know, but now, when I am near the allotted age of man, I will at any time walk around a block to avoid seeing the new moon over my left shoulder. I will not begin a journey on Friday, and to see two crows successively flying to my left is an omen of evil fortune which will disturb me for a fortnight.

In the Champlain valley, on the banks of the beautiful Quinousquoi, where I was born, we had all the signs and omens common to New England. The "death-watch" was usually, and, when accompanied by the

song of the cricket, an inevitable precursor of death in the household ; the movement of a funeral procession at a faster pace than a walk was a notice, which Death never disregarded, that there was a life in that procession ripe for his sickle.

We had one superstition that may have been peculiar to the locality ; I have made inquiries, but have not learned of its existence elsewhere. If it does elsewhere exist, I hope this note may bring out the fact, so that its existence may not rest upon my sole evidence.

The whip-poor-will (*Caprimulgus vociferus*) was a very common bird in the woods around our home, and in all the wooded parts of the State. There were few fair nights in their breeding season when their notes were not distinctly heard in all our households. It was not an unlucky bird, like the *Corvus* family, but there was one exception. When it sang its plaintive song beneath the windows of a dwelling, it was a sure precursor of an early death in that household, usually of the person under the window of whose sleeping-room it sang its song.

Now there could not well be a more absurdly unfounded superstition than this, yet it is true that in my boyhood these birds sang under the windows of our home only twice, and in each case the death of one of our family circle speedily followed.

The scenes referred to remain vividly impressed on my memory, but no part more so than the song of the birds of the night.

I have been asked whether, if I lived in the country and these birds came to sing under my window, I would regard their song as a promise of a visit from Death? Yes, I suppose I would. I suppose the impression is too deep to be erased by will power. It would be as irresistible as my desire to avoid seeing the new moon over my left shoulder. The strength of these early impressions is to me their most remarkable quality.

The winding-sheet in the tallow candle, the death omen of the dog howling without apparent cause, the "thirteen" superstitions, the good of finding a horseshoe, the bad luck of marriage in May, the mysteries of the twig of witch-hazel, all produce impressions clearly opposed to human judgment, and yet they will remain although opposed by all our power of will.

The common use of heavy timbers made the "raising," as it was called, of every large building a public event, which called many people together to furnish the necessary manual strength. These were the very last occasions which gave up the use of the bottle. Men took their drinks at a "raising" who never drank on any other occasion. It seems that, on Rip Van Winkle's theory, "raisings" did n't count when the "plates," or heavy timbers on which the foot of the rafter rested, were raised, a work of considerable exertion. A bottle was passed around until it was empty. An active man then stood upright on the plate, swung the bottle three times around his head, and hurled it with all his strength. If it was not broken with the contact with the ground, the fortunate omen was hailed with cheers. The building would be lucky, and would never be destroyed by fire. This superstition was not given up until, by the use of lighter timbers, public "raisings" were no longer necessary.

We had omens from the acts of animals, which I cannot here discuss. I will simply mention that when the woodchucks hibernated early, and the muskrats built their houses unusually high, a long, cold winter, with floods in the spring, was promised. Many litters of young foxes in the spring promised a good beech-nut season, with abundance of passenger pigeons and ruffed grouse in the autumn. The eastern migration of the gray squirrel indicated drought and poor crops in the West.

This migration — one of the curiosities in the movements of animals — is too complicated to be discussed here. The advent of the crossbills and the pine grosbeak in the autumn was also the promise of a hard winter.

VARIOUS NOTICES.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.—In the death of the most distinguished of American men of letters, the American Folk-Lore Society loses an interested member. A few weeks before the conclusion of his painful illness, Mr. Lowell placed in the hands of the editor of this Journal certain small contributions, the gleanings of former journeys in New England. In these last months, suffering endured with courage had left its mark on his features, and given a singularly noble as well as touching expression to the face. At a time when the entire press of America is engaged in recording his history and honoring his name, it does not seem necessary to dwell on the life or memory of the illustrious poet; but it will not be out of place to give expression to the grief of the neighbors and townsmen of Mr. Lowell, who during his long absence had looked forward to the time in which he might once more be settled in his old home. In this expectation they have been disappointed; they feel that something has been taken away which can never be replaced. No man, therefore, could be more sincerely mourned. To be so loved and so honored, alike by distant admirers and by near neighbors, is surely as great success as can fall to the lot of any man.

W. W. N.

INTERNATIONAL FOLK-LORE CONGRESS.—The following is the programme laid out for the proceedings of this Congress, which is to meet in the Rooms of the Society of Antiquaries, London, October 1 to 7, 1891:—

Thursday, Oct. 1, *Afternoon*.—Opening of the Congress; Address of the President, Mr. Andrew Lang. Appointment of an International Folk-Lore Council.

Evening.—Reception by the President.

Friday, Oct. 2, *Morning*.—Meeting of the Folk-Tale Section; Address of the Chairman, Mr. E. Sidney Hartland, F. S. A., and Papers.

Afternoon.—Papers on Subjects relating to this Section.

Evening.—Reception at the British Museum.